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Philadelphia

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ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION

OF THE

CENOTAPH,

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE FORMER PUPILS OF
NAZARETH HALL WHO FELL IN DEFENCE
OF THEIR COUNTRY, IN THE WAR
OF THE REBELLION.

(JUNE 11. 1868).

BY

EDMUND DE SCHWEINITZ,

ALUMNUS OF THE CLASS OF

1834.

BETHLEHEM:

A. C. & H. T. CLAUDER, PRINTERS,

1868.

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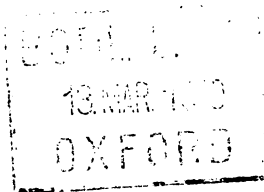
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PREFATORY NOTE.

The following Oration is printed, and sent to the former pupils of Nazareth Hall, in accordance with a resolution unanimously adopted at the social gathering of the Reunion Society, held in the afternoon of the 11th of June, in the Chapel of the Hall.



On ground rich in the associations of our boyhood, in the first days of opening summer, that used to be more fragrant than their full-blown roses, under all circumstances of wind and weather—let them have been bright and serene, as we hoped to-day would prove, or dark and stormy, as it has turned out to be*—because they brought us the “examination holidays,” we are met, alumni of Nazareth Hall, to celebrate another Reunion. For more than twelve years, such gatherings, with occasional interruptions, have taken place, and have been times of unalloyed pleasure, when we forgot the cares of life, laid aside its burdens, and were boys again. To-day, however, we come not merely with this purpose. We have a mission to fulfil, a work of love to do. As those of our associates, whose decease was reported at former Reunions, won a tribute of respect from the lips of some friend, so, on the present occasion, we all unite in perpetuating the names, and embalming the memory, of a number of our fellow-almuni, who, whether we were personally acquainted with them or not, had us all for their friends, because they died for our common country, and belonged to the ranks of those whom the God of our fathers summoned to its rescue, in the

*. A very hard rain-storm, which continued all day, prevented the dedicatory exercises from being held in the open air around the monument.

hour of its direst peril, when its glorious union of Commonwealths was broken, and its history as a world-power seemed drawing to an end.

To honor such men is an intuitive impulse of the heart, a prerogative of free citizenship, an evidence of true patriotism. It has been done wherever the people governed, since the days of Sparta and Athens. While monarchies exalt the conqueror, republics pay reverence to their defenders. While Alexander the Great erected twelve towers on the banks of the distant Hyphasis, to mark his irresistible advance into the kingdoms of India, the pillars at Marathon bore the names of heroes who, on that immortal field, rolled back the tide of Persian invasion, and saved Greece from a despot's heel. While the Triumphal Arch at Paris blazons those battles of Napoleon that laid Europe in glittering chains, Bunker Hill is crowned with a monument which tells of deeds that gave to Liberty, both in her civil and religious manifestations, a home such as she never had before, and made this Western buttress of the world a refuge for the oppressed of every land.

For us, however, as a body of alumni, and at a Reunion in these never to be forgotten precincts, to offer such a tribute, is to exalt not only the memory of fellow-pupils, but also the name of our Alma Mater, whose teachings first produced in them a tendency and an aim, whose instructions helped to shape our course through life. That block of stone proclaims as well what an American citizen will sacrifice for the sake of Liberty and the Union, as what one of the oldest educational institutions of America can accomplish in making a citizen.

It is from this point of view, that I wish to address you. I cannot consistently occupy any other. The war in which our brethren fell is over. Who does not devoutly thank God for that? The mighty armies, of which they formed a part, have melted away as suddenly, I might almost say, as miraculously, as they sprang into existence, and have given back to the family, to the pursuits of business, and to the Church, elements of manly activi-

ty and well-trying strength. The stormy events of the conflict, the news of battles won or lost, the daily bulletins from the camp or the field, and all that made that time a period of unparalleled excitement, belong to the past. And so do the groans of the wounded, the wails of the dying, the tears of the bereaved and the broken-hearted. Peace smiles upon us and our children. The summer's grain covers the ensanguined fields of Antietam and Gettysburg. The broad highways of travel are no longer obstructed; the great arteries of trade no more refuse to pulsate. On the waters of the Mississippi, commerce is joyfully doing its work; the railroads of Pennsylvania and Virginia are again in friendly harmony, avenues of legitimate barter, means of union for friend and friend. The righteous indignation of the hour is soothed; the bitter animosities of the strife are allayed. Hence, although we are not here in order to call evil good, and good evil, in order to put darkness for light, and light for darkness, we do not come to say what would have been proper amidst the experiences of the Rebellion itself, while its issues were still doubtful, while plain truths and strong words were necessary to vindicate our cause. We have no enemies to denounce. God has ordained that the people of America, whether in the North or the South, should be one and remain indivisible. That, however, which we are not to forget, and which we can magnify "with charity for all and malice to none," is *the principle* which led our brethren to yield their lives, a principle setting them before us, first, as scholars of the "good old Hall," and then as soldiers of the grand army of the Union.

Nazareth Hall has a twofold mission, namely, to train the mind, and to mould the character. In pursuing the latter, the fundamental rule which it imparts is *faithfulness to duty*. This is the ground-work of its peculiar system of discipline, the substance of all those lessons, and the life of all those plastic exercises, that are to form the man. This gives tone to its social relations, and constitutes the element in which its teachers and scholars move. It

brings this tenet of Moral Philosophy down from the region of theory, and makes it a power in the boy for practical life. By this law, which rings out in the early watches of the morning, when the bell sounds the signal for rising, and which then guides whatever is done through the day, in the hours of study or recitation, in the house or on the play-ground, until the word is spoken, at bed-time, that hushes the room-company into absolute silence, Nazareth Hall has performed wonders, coerced, without an effort, many an ungovernable lad, saved him from ruin, and sent him forth to usefulness and prosperity. Other schools may do more in the way of a brilliant show of knowledge, but none surpass it in building character upon this solid corner-stone.

Now the object of the late war, on the part of the loyal States, was not ambition, or conquest, or glory for its own sake merely. It was resistance against the most gigantic and causeless rebellion ever originated, and, consequently, a necessary act of self-preservation, an inalienable right to hold fast that which the Almighty Ruler of the world had himself bestowed upon our fathers, in their struggle for independence, and which had crowned us with the richest benefactions. Or, rather, to state the case in the words of that man for the crisis whom the Lord of Hosts raised up and treason struck down, who sleeps, a martyr, in his Western grave, and has the prairie-winds to sing his requiem throughout all generations—words as transparent as his life, and as noble as his work—it was “that the nation should, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth.” This was the call which stirred the hearts of millions, this was the solemn obligation of the hour.

And, therefore, the response came, literally, from every avocation of life. Men left the anvil and the plow, the counting-house and the workshop, the professional office and the college; and armies were marshaled which formed the bone and sinew of the people, represented its intelligence and wealth, and were animated by

a lofty purpose and a high resolve. On the same scale, such a result was never accomplished before, in any nation. Hosts gathered unprecedented in point of numbers since the times of Xerxes, and yet, for the most part, were hosts of freemen, of citizens who voluntarily seized the musket with the same hands that deposited the ballot, by which they govern themselves. A greater contrast cannot be imagined than that between our soldiers and those who, from year to year, in war and peace, make of Europe one vast camp. The former were conscious embodiments of a principle, the latter are unconscious machines, set in motion by a royal cabinet, and working under the strain of inexorable discipline. The enthusiasm of the one was the natural emotion of a patriotic heart, clinging to its national birth-right, a thing of life, stirring the depths of their being; the enthusiasm of the other is drilled into them, like the use of the needle-gun, and does not soar higher than a constrained regard for glory as an abstraction.

Of a call that produced such an "uprising of a great people," the alumni of Nazareth Hall were not unmindful. With honest pride, let it be proclaimed, to-day, that two hundred and thirty "Hall boys" arrayed themselves under the flag of their country, helped to save it from dismemberment, aided to bring on a new era in the history of Liberty, and to send her rejoicing and blessing over the earth. It is as honorable a record as any one can wish for, as genuine a satisfaction as any achievement in life will confer, as rich a legacy as can be left to children and children's children. The time is coming when the descendants of the Union soldiers, in the War of the Rebellion, will be not less proud of them than men now are of their Revolutionary sires, when the musket that was carried to the bloody field of the Wilderness, and the sword that flashed in the morning's sun of the assaults upon Vicksburg, will be heir-looms as sacred as the present generation esteems like relics from Lexington or Yorktown.

But what was it that induced so large a proportion of former pupils to leave their business, and forsake their homes, in order to

enlist as soldiers? I turn to look upon the "old Hall," I remember its class-rooms and chapel, I recall its lessons and life, and, with that deep conviction which experience gains, I answer: It was the grand principle laid as the foundation of their character when they were boys in this School, it was faithfulness to duty here taught and learned. They paid what they owed their country.

This principle found its most perfect type in those of their number whose memory we signalize to-day, for they carried it out to the end, and, in the strength of it, gave all that a man has, even their lives.

Ere I proceed to illustrate this, it is fitting that I should read the roll of our honored dead. It is as follows:

DAVID BAKER, the oldest on the list, of the class of 1822.

CHARLES BERG, of the class of 1829.

FRANK POTT, of the class of 1830.

ARTHUR VAN VLECK, of the class of 1835.

CHARLES M. STOUT, of the class of 1841.

EUGENE CLEWELL, of the class of 1843.

GEORGE BETTEL, of the class of 1845.

CHARLES SMIEDLE, of the class of 1847.

ASHER GAYLORD, of the class of 1848.

JOSEPH BACHMAN, of the class of 1849.

DAVID T. LATIMER, the first who fell, and one of the first Union soldiers killed, CHRISTIAN F. SMITH, EDMUND SHOUSE, JOHN F. WOOD, and VAN BRUNT M. BERGEN, all of the class of 1853.

JOHN WHITMER, HORACE BENNET, DANIEL FASIG, and JAMES J. GRAFTON, of the class of 1854.

GEORGE FREAM, BENJAMIN F. LANDELL, and CHARLES REY-
ERSON, of the class of 1855.

CLARENCE KAMPMAN, JOHN HAGEN, and WILLIAM LADD, the youngest on the list, but 16 years of age, all of the class of 1858.

EDWIN SKIRVING, of the class of 1860.

PLINY JEWETT, of the class of 1861.

Twenty-seven in all, who were either killed in battle or died of disease contracted while in the service.

Ten of them were sent out by Pennsylvania, four by Ohio, three by New York, two by New Jersey, one by Massachusetts, one by Connecticut, one by Illinois, one by Iowa, one by Kentucky, three belonged to the Navy; and the fields of Great Bethel and Harper's Ferry, of Averysborough and Pocotalico, of Chattanooga and Vicksburg, of Antietam, Williamsburg and Hatcher's Run, together with the blood-stained deck of the Frigate Cumberland, that would not yield even to the iron monster which attacked her, but was engulfed by the waters of Chesapeake Bay, with her colors flying, make up the places where our brethren, in the appropriate language of the monument, "died that their country might be healed and live." It thus appears, that in the Regiments of nine of the loyal States, as well as in that puissant navy which filled the maritime powers of the world with astonishment, and in battles fought along the Border, in the West, and in the South, from one of the earliest to one of the latest, the alumni of Nazareth Hall were represented by these their comrades, in everything that was true, brave and faithful.

Without going into all the details of their service, which will be given at another time, in the course of the exercises of this day, I will adduce but a few facts to establish the position I have taken.

One of the fallen was my own class-mate. I knew him well, both in the Hall and afterward in the Theological Seminary. He was the most innocent of boys, and the most guileless of men. Diffident, shrinking even from play as soon as it grew boisterous, an obscure corner his retreat and a book his friend, kind-hearted, too, never resenting an injury, and bearing the banter of his companions with unruffled patience, I would sooner have believed anything most strange, when we sat together in our class-room and construed that Latin line which says, "It is sweet and becoming to

die for one's country," than that the poet's sentiment would, in his case, grow into a personal experience. And yet this honored companion won a medal for bravery at the battle of Chancellorville, bore himself, under all circumstances, with unvarying gallantry as a soldier, and with true heroism as a Christian, until his heart-strings cracked amidst the nameless horrors of Libby Prison. Nothing under heaven but a deep sense of duty, and a lofty determination to be faithful, could have induced him to enter the army and expose himself to the associations of the camp and the other experiences of military life, which, in themselves considered, were as foreign to his nature as they were repulsive to his feelings.

And touching the rest whom I have named, it will stir your hearts, my friends, as it did mine, when you will hear their records. It is impossible to read the letters, written by those who knew them in the army, without gaining a vivid consciousness of the operations of that principle of power which Nazareth Hall taught them. In every instance in which the diligent search, deserving of all praise, made by the Treasurer of the Monument Association, for the incidents of their military history, was rewarded with success, something true and honorable, something to be proud of, has been brought out.

Of one his Captain says, "he met his fate with a manliness never excelled," and of another, "he presented, in an eminent degree, the qualities of a soldier and a gentleman," while the Surgeon, who witnessed his death-struggle, calls him a "manly and noble boy." A third receives this testimony: "He was a brave and fearless soldier, respected by all the men and officers." A fourth, who was mortally wounded while leading a desperate charge at Vicksburg, stood so high in his company, that, with one accord, the survivors sent to his mourning family a tribute of respect in memory of his virtues. Several were promoted from the ranks for bravery in the field. Around the body of an officer, brought to Hilton Head for burial, who had marched at the head of his men, across a corn-field, swept by a terrific fire, as coolly as if he were drilling them,

and who was shot, later in the action, there gathered persons high in rank, that had been acquainted with him, exclaiming, "Brave Man! Brave Man!" Another officer, to use the words of his own Colonel, "in everything he said and did was always manly, honorable and noble." General Slocum held him in such esteem, that he repoted his death to Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, designating him as "one of the best officers under his command," while General Sherman himself lamented his loss, and seemed to feel it as though it were a personal bereavement. Still another, who, after filling various positions of trust, was finally made Ordinance officer of the Middle Military District, labored so incessantly in the discharge of his arduous duties, that his health failed. But he would not relinquish them, until peremptorily ordered home to recruit. He obeyed, taking with him, however, the papers of the Department, and resuming his work under the parental roof. At last he could write no more. Then he employed amanuenses, and dictated to these until the very day of his death, on which his father sent all his returns completed to Washington. Even the youngest on the roll, that lad of sixteen summers, who went forth from a happy home of ease and wealth, is not without a record; even of him it is said, "he was faithful as a soldier, and much loved by his company."

It is unnecessary to bring forward more facts in order to substantiate my argument. The testimony, now given, by officers of their men and by superiors of their officers, has a clear ring, and tells us unmistakably that faithfulness to duty was the distinctive trait of the sons of Nazareth Hall who fell in defence of their country; that as their character was moulded in the days of their boyhood, so it came out in well-marked lines of beauty under circumstances which, more than any other, try men, and show the stuff that they are made of. Who, then, is there here who will not glory in our Alma Mater? She did her part in the most momentous struggle of this age. Other schools performed theirs, all honor be to them! She, however, caused her influence to be felt

in her own peculiar way, as an institution which had drawn its life, for eighty years, not merely from human philosophy, but also from the depths of that knowledge which reveals the Eternal Son of God as a Teacher and a Lawgiver and a Redeemer to the world.

Therefore, we, the Alumni of Nazareth Hall, gathered, to-day, from all quarters of the land, and counting among our number representatives of nearly every class back to the closing year of the last century, now dedicate this cenotaph, with sincere respect, to the memory of our brethren, and, with filial reverence, to the honor of the School, and adopt, as an appropriate formula, one of the sentences graven on the stone: "The Academy is the nursing-mother of patriots, rearing her children in the ways of truth and freedom."

Long may this monument stand, to show the present generation of pupils, and other generations that will come after them, what those patriots did whose names it bears, what this Academy can perform, through the sons whom it educates, and what the Lord God Omnipotent wrought for the salvation of our country!

It will not be a sectional land-mark; for, although it is perhaps too early to expect such a thing now, yet, eventually, those who preserved the Federal Union from disintegration, and thus gave a new impulse to the development of our popular institutions, and originated the new relations by which the same is conditioned, will become the common heroes of the whole country. This is a truth established beyond all cavil by the results of the War of the Revolution. There were thousands of Tories then, who labored, with heart and soul, for the triumph of Great Britain; but there is not one American now who does not glorify the men through whose devotion and sufferings and blood the United States were made free.

But, in a higher sense, this cenotaph will be more than even a national memorial. That is a contracted vision which fails to see in the events of the Rebellion an issue for the entire brotherhood of man. That is a dwarfish philosophy which is unable to grasp a divine plan in history.

"For I doubt not thro' all ages one increasing purpose runs,
 "And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

This purpose is ripening fast. Nations rise against nations, and peoples are divided against themselves. But "hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" Like the throne upon which He sits, His design stands fast, as it ever did from the beginning; and in order to its consummation, "the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance." Above all their wars and tumults and shouts of conquest, sounds the voice of the Everlasting Counsel, saying, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!" Yes, let the earth rejoice, for the morning's red of a new time is breaking. We live in the grandest epoch the world has yet seen. It is a glorious thing to have one's being in such an age, to be a factor in its development, to belong to a people that has been ordained, I reverently believe, to lead the van in subduing our globe to the sway of that liberty which is perfect, because Christ is its Author, and of that glory which is eternal, because it flows from universal righteousness and peace.

In this exalted sense, my friends, let us, as we are gathered here in the shadow of our Alma Mater, and in the presence of yonder cenotaph, learn anew the lessons of our boyhood. We will go back to our several spheres of labor faithful to duty—duty to our fellow men, our country, and our God.



